

The Roosevelt's spelling looks like the English language in short skirts.

"The automobile heart" is a new disease of the motorists. The pedestrians have had it for years.

As for the game of football, it has not been reformed enough to hurt—any less than it did formerly.

Mrs. Hetty Green complains that she is poor. Still, there are lots who would feel rich if they were in her class.

President Roosevelt leaves no doubt of his feeling that the soldier and the sailor should receive uniform respect.

Cleveland is to have a manufacturing concern which will employ only cripples. Here's hoping it may never go lame.

It seems too much to believe it was ever preordained that any bright, healthy young man should be killed while playing football.

General Fred D. Grant says 50 per cent of the troubles in the army are due to bad liquor. Apparently the army is just like the rest of the world.

A New York chorus girl reports to the police that she has lost a bag of diamonds. What Pittsburgh millionaire has been away from home recently?

Another American girl would sever the tie that binds her to a foreign fortune hunter. Far too often the marriage service is nothing but a bill of sale.

A Boston walter died the other day, leaving an estate valued at a quarter of a million dollars. Which again proves that things come to those who wait.

Wojciech Raymlak and Wladyslaw Kaczoska were married in Chicago the other day. Probably neither of them is bothering much over the question of spelling reform.

Should Noah Webster come back to earth now and see what is being done to his dictionary he would very likely ask to be directed to the old men's home for has-beens.

Near Manchester, England, four girls have been arrested for making fun of a spinster's curls. This is proper. Let it be understood that a spinster's curls are their own reward.

There is probably nothing in Mr. Grover Cleveland's book on fishing that can be used in a political campaign, unless perhaps it might be a chapter devoted to lying.

Chancellor Day of the University of Syracuse says a man who smokes is a fool. We must remember, however, that Dr. Day is of the opinion that people who do not approve of the Standard Oil Company are criminals.

Making a Machinist.
"There is, perhaps, no other trade, and very few professions," writes Wm. Haddow in the Technical World Magazine, "that require the high order of intelligence, the study, the application, the real hard-headed common-sense, the surgeon's delicacy of touch—for instance, in fitting of the work—that the machinist's trade demands to give the excellent work and the interchangeability of parts found in the modern rifle or sewing machine. The range of his work is from a needle to a battleship; from automatic machinery that would talk French had it one more movement to measuring machines guaranteed not to vary more than the fifty-thousandth part of an inch from the absolute. This precision will perhaps be better appreciated when it is remembered that 150 times this limit of variation is only equal to the diameter of the average human hair. Standard plug and ring gauges, to take a specific example, are accurately fitted to each other that the expansion due to the warmth of the hand, if the plug is held in it for a few moments, will not make it impossible to insert the plug in the ring; while, if the ring is expanded in the same way, the plug will drop clear through it."

When the machinist has become skillful enough to fulfill the above requirements, he may receive from \$25.00 per day up to whatever he can make himself worth and prove it."

At a certain Deacon Sam Knowlton in his day had the reputation of being a great hunter. At the beginning of every hunting season he would go into Cumberland county and on his return he was always laden with many stories in which he figured as hero. But the fact remained that, while his supply of stories was always large, his game bag was usually empty.

One of his neighbors, a physician, heard his stories until he was tired. One evening at a social gathering the matter was being discussed.

"Deacon Knowlton is a great hunter! Of course he is," exclaimed the doctor. "He is the greatest hunter in the State of Pennsylvania, but darn me if he was ever known to find anything!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Rather Awkward, but Pointed.
An amusing incident occurred at the C. P. Sunday school Sunday morning. In the review of the quarterly the superintendent, Attorney J. W. Dawson, brought up the lesson of the good Samaritan and told the children of the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and asked the question, "Whom did he meet?" A bright youngster spoke up in tones that were easily heard by everybody. "A lawyer." Mr. Dawson was so much amused at the answer as anyone, and even the Rev. Dr. Gold joined heartily in the laughing. Of course, the boy was expected to say thieves, but he answered lawyers instead.—Uniontown News Standard.

Fishing tackle lying about a man's desk always reminds one of shiftlessness.

Important one, so long as the importance of maintenance is granted. What is true at Yale is not untrue in Chicago. The motto of all who eat should henceforth be: make haste slowly; choose as well as chew.

A story which has been handed down through many generations tells of a wealthy man who determined to make a practical test of the efficiency of his servants. He announced his intention of being absent from his estate for a long time. Before starting he called some of his helpers and gave them sums of money in varying amounts, telling them to use the money until his return. Then he took a journey into a foreign country. When he came back he asked an accounting. The results of that investigation convinced him that some of his assistants were shrewd and saving, while others had no just appreciation of the value of money or the best ways to use it. The large fortunes of the present day have made it almost imperative that men of wealth give their children some training in business as a necessary preparation for the handling of the millions that are to be theirs in the days to come. It is stated that a celebrated millionaire, desiring to reduce the cares of business and also wishing to see what his children would do with the money, gave each of them \$1,000,000 before his death. No matter what the result might be in a given case of this kind the idea is a good one. Conspicuous lack of success or marked inefficiency of administration thus shown might have the effect of saving many a fortune by transferring it to those who do indicate ability to handle it. For years it has been an unspoken thing for graduates of famous Eastern colleges to lay aside frock coats and patent leathers the day after the receipt of the diploma in order to don the garb of the laborer in mill or factory where the father's fortune was made. Others have turned from the classroom to take the places at the bottom of the ladder in counting room or office in order to learn every detail of the business to which they will succeed in the course of nature. The faithfulness of such workers is often forgotten when the escapades of others are heralded far and wide. In more than one case the wildness of the rich man's son and his lack of usefulness as a citizen argue to the fact that he never had a chance to show his ability as administrator or investor, but was brought up under the notion that, as heir to wealth, he should do nothing. With many men money burns a hole in the pocket. They have no sense of saving, no appreciation of what a dollar means. This is true of the poor and the rich alike. The thrift and saving of the poor are commended as providing for the future years. The ability to use money wisely, the power to select investments and to administer affairs ought to be a source of pride to the child of wealth in order that he may stand on his own merits in a critical, democratic land and not be pointed out as some other man's son, with no virtues except the reflected ones of his ancestry.

"You look uncommonly cheerful," remarked the junior partner to the senior, as the latter threw back the cover of his desk and prepared to attack the mail.

"Do it?" asked the senior, smiling. "I didn't know it."

"You look as if somebody had left you money," pursued the junior. "You want to take care how you come into the office bearing like that or the office boy will be asking you for a raise."

The senior composed his features to an expression of gravity for a moment, but the smile came out again, broadened and broke into a laugh. "Broadened and broke into a laugh," he said. "That's not so bad either, considering."

"But I give you my word I never thought of it before."

"Of the boy?"

"Of—ha, ha! Say, do you know things have been going wrong with me this morning? I don't know when I ever got up feeling uglier. See my chin?"

"Cut yourself, didn't you?"

"Yes, I cut myself, but that wasn't the only thing. I got up late to begin with and that nearly always makes me mad when I want to get up early for any reason. I figured on finishing raking up the leaves on the lawn and burning them in the back lot before breakfast. I worked like a nigger last evening on the job and had quite a pile raked up. Well, when I looked out of the window I saw that the wind had come up and scattered them all over where I'd raked. That was enough to make a man mad, wasn't it?"

"Certainly," said the junior sympathetically.

"Then, when I took up my trousers the change fell out of my pockets and one coin rolled under the bed. I struck a match to see where it was and the flame caught the fringe of the counterpane and it got scorched pretty badly. It was a counterpane that my wife thought a great deal of, too. I burned my hand a little heating it out—not enough to hurt a great deal, but



enough to make me feel like saying things best left unsaid. I just caught a glimpse of the coin and I took it for a \$5 gold piece. I had a couple of them in my pocket and I'd only picked up one, so I crawled under the bed after it. I'm a pretty tight fit for the space, by the way."

"You're not as slim as you used to be," said the junior. "Go on; my heart aches for you."

"I got a lock of hair tangled in the wire springs. You shouldn't laugh. I haven't much hair, but I had enough for that. I promptly extracted part of it and part of it I left there. Then I got my penny and backed out, knocking my head against the side rail as I did so. As I rose to my feet I saw the \$5 gold piece nestling cozily against the foot of the bureau. So it's no wonder I cut myself when I shaved or that I was not exactly pleasant to my wife at the breakfast table when I blustered my throat with the coffee and she told me I usually made such a fuss if it wasn't hot."

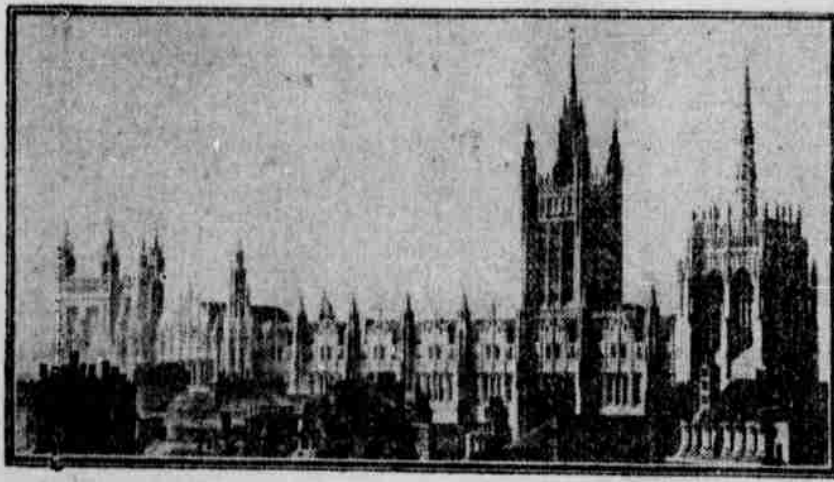
"I don't blame you," said the junior. "But that hardly explains your pleasant humor now."

"Well," said the senior partner, "I started for the train full of gall and bitterness, and with four minutes to make it. Wisner was ahead of me in the drug store last time you were down Well, here came the train and I was still 200 yards from the station and Wisner was a hundred yards ahead of me, when he stubbed his toe and went rolling and sprawling right into the middle of the worst puddle of mud you ever saw, his hat under him."

"I didn't stop. I made a sprint and I just got on as the train pulled out. I looked back then and saw Wisner scramble up, covered with mud. He grabbed his hat, made a short run and then, seeing his list at the train, if you could have seen him."

"I'd been having hard luck myself, but—well, I've been feeling happy ever since."—Chicago Daily News.

NEW MARISCHAL COLLEGE AT ABERDEEN.



The new Marischal College at Aberdeen, Scotland, which has just been completed, is shown in the illustration. It was dedicated recently by King Edward during the quarter-century celebrations of the University of Aberdeen, of which Marischal College and King's College now form a part. The new Marischal College is said to be one of the most beautiful college buildings in the world. Practically the whole side of one street was razed to make room for it and among the houses demolished was the one handsome mansion in which Lord Byron and his mother spent some years of poverty while the poet was attending the Aberdeen grammar school. Marischal College was founded in 1593 by George Keith, fifth Earl Marischal of Scotland, who was born in 1553, and who died in Dumfriesshire in 1623. Dr. George Campbell, the celebrated author of "The Philosophy of Rhetoric," was at one time the head of Marischal College. As a memento of Byron's residence on the site of the school, it is suggested that a statue of the poet, preferably in granite, be erected at the new college.



Moulding in breadcrumbs, which are soaked in liquids of various colors and are made elastic and almost unbreakable by a special process, is the curious new art of Suzanne Meyer, a French woman.

The human breath has been found to be a fair conductor of electricity, a spark from a Wimshurst machine being longer in breathed than in pure air. Investigating further, Dufour has concluded that the lung and skin exhalations sensibly increase the leakage from an electrically charged body, and it is suggested that the vapors rising above a flock of sheep or cattle may explain the tendency of lightning to strike the huddled animals.

A novel device is brought against the common beetle (Cimex lectularius) by Dr. W. J. Goodline, medical superintendent of the Mokolai leprose settlement, who regards it as a chief agent in spreading leprosy. It is believed to have greater influence than the gnats, for it comes noiselessly, and during the patient's sleep, and bedding among leprosy is too little disinfected. After long research Dr. Goodline has demonstrated the presence of the bacillus of leprosy in the mosquito (Culex pungens) as well as in the bedbug.

An ingenious apparatus for drawing the profile of a river bottom is used by Italian engineers. It consists of a wheel affixed to the bottom of a graduated rod, which is fastened vertically at the side of a boat in such a manner that as the boat advances up or down or across stream, the wheel at the end of the rod rises and falls with variations of level. By noting the depth at chosen intervals of time, the elements are obtained for tracing an accurate representation of all the sinuosities of the bottom of the river, and the variations of depth. In the saving of time this simple apparatus possesses an enormous advantage over the ordinary method of soundings.

Germany has for some time possessed a dozen factories for the liquefaction of carbonic acid gas issuing from the

earth in the neighborhood of extinct volcanoes. Last summer a large factory of the same kind was opened near the Puy de Dome, a famous extinct volcano in central France. The liquid carbonic gases is said to be purer than that produced by solely chemical processes. From an excavation at Argenteuse, near the Puy de Dome, the quantity of gas given forth every day is reckoned at about half a million liters.

The place is known as the "poison fountain," and the bones of many animals have been found in the excavation, including those of a horse, a bison and a mammoth.

According to Cosmo, the employment of circular disks of iron, turning with great velocity, but possessing no teeth on the edge, for sawing metal, has become common in many workshops. Among other places where such saws without teeth are used is the celebrated Krupp gun works, where armor plate is sometimes cut in this manner. The process is not a newly discovered one. As long ago as 1821 Darriert and Colladon, at Geneva, experimented with swiftly rotating disks of iron. They found that when a disk about seven inches in diameter turned with a peripheral velocity of ten meters per second, it could be cut with a steel tool pressed against it, but that when the velocity was increased to twenty-one meters per second the iron was unharmed, but the steel tool was damaged. At a velocity of sixty meters per second the iron disk even cut quartz and agate.

Two Shining Lights.
The great American sun gazed somewhat proudly at the sun, sinking slowly to the west in a maze of brilliant tints.

"We're both set in our ways, me and the sun," she remarked.—Baltimore American.

Discord.
Oh, life is like a sweet, sweet song—At least that's how 'twould be If now would not so oft go wrong And warble off the key.—Washington Star.

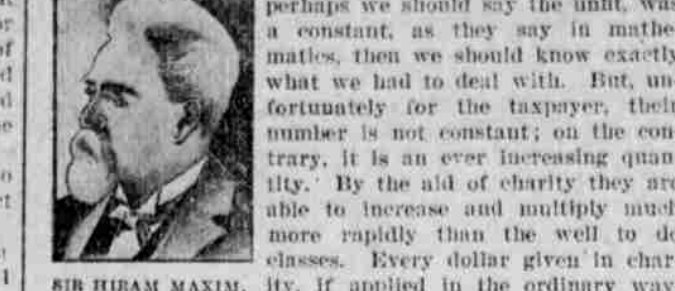
Play on Golden Rule.
What you would not have done to yourself never do unto others.—Alexander Severus.

It is safer to do business with a crippled mule than an unloaded gun.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

EFFECTIVE CHARITY PLAN NOT POSSIBLE.

By Sir Hiram Maxim.



If the number of the unemployed, or perhaps we should say the unfit, was a constant, as they say in mathematics, then we should know exactly what we had to do with it. But, unfortunately for the taxpayer, their number is not constant; on the contrary, it is an ever increasing quantity. By the aid of charity they are able to increase and multiply much more rapidly than the well-to-do classes. Every dollar given in charity, if applied in the ordinary way, serves not only to aggravate the trouble of the unemployed, but at the same time it serves to diminish the birth rate of those who have to pay the taxes.

The man does not live who can suggest a plan for relieving the poor which does not aggravate the trouble and make it worse. We may go on for years and continue to contribute ever increasing sums for the support and increase of the unfit, but the time must eventually arrive when we get to the end of our tether.

We shall have bred such a vast horde of the worthless, the lazy and the unfit that they will completely overwhelm us. The laws of nature are such that if the individual sins the individual has to suffer, but if the nations sin, as they are sinning at the present time, by the artificial production of a vast number of unfit citizens, then the nations must suffer.

HIGH SCHOOLS THWART NATURE'S LAWS.

By Prof. C. Stanley Hall.

How the high school interferes with the laws of nature is well seen in a several recent studies which show that a large percentage of girls actually wish they had been born boys, and the ideals and tastes of many more are increasingly masculine. Now, without womanly ideals the female character is threatened with disintegration. Again, in the rapid organization of our schools the woman teacher gives free rein to whatever masculine ideals she may have, sometimes as if she unconsciously felt that, as male teachers were becoming extinct, she must cultivate a bisexual character.

It is said that association with boys makes the high school girl less emotional, impulsive, romantic, her conduct more thoughtful, her life more regular. If so, this I hold to be bad. The consensus of women teachers to the contrary notwithstanding, I urge that there is something wrong with the girl in the middle "teens" who is not gushy, sentimental, romantic, at least at times.

It is said that the presence of girls is humanizing for boys; but I insist that there is something wrong with a boy of this age who can be truly called "a perfect gentleman." If he is not a milkop, a lady boy, or a sneak, he is morally precocious. This pin-feather age ought to be—I don't quite like to say a little rowdyish and barbaric—but certainly uncouth, rude, recalcitrant to prim conventionalities; or else vigor is sacrificed to form. A blind, but strong and right, instinct, ripened through millennia, now impels the boy to get away in certain respects from both girls and women, be they sisters, schoolmates, mothers, or women teachers; and if he does not actually leave school, where their influence predominates, one of two things is likely to happen; either he suffers subtle evasions, and his masculinity swerves from its proper orbit; or else his reaction to femininity

RICHEST FARMER DEAD.

Acquired Vast Holdings in Central West After Mexican War.

William Scully more generally known as "Lord Scully," the Irish landlord in America, died in London the other day at the age of 85, leaving an estate said to be worth \$50,000,000. Scully was a native of Tipperary, Ireland. He owned more farms than any other man in America. He began buying land in the United States more than fifty years ago. Altogether he owned 200,000 acres of American land, including: In Logan, Sangamon and Livingston Counties, Ill., 46,000; in Kansas, 50,000; in Nebraska, 60,000; in Missouri, 40,000. These lands he leased to tenants for a cash rental. Incidentally he was widely execrated by certain sections of the population in the West for his attempt to foster "Irish landlordism" in free America. So bitter did the sentiment against Scully become that Illinois passed a law declaring an alien incapable of holding lands in Illinois and requiring all such to sell their holdings within three years. This law was declared unconstitutional by the United States Supreme Court. Then Illinois passed a modified law, and Scully became a naturalized citizen of the United States. He made his home in Washington, where he lived without ostentation. In 1851 he came to the United States to invest money in land. Landing at Philadelphia, he bought a horse and a spade and started west searching for land. He rode on horseback from Philadelphia through the States of Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska and Wisconsin, testing the soil with his spade. He gave two years to the trip and then he bought his land. Much of his land in Illinois cost him only \$1.25 an acre.

ROCKEFELLER'S BIBLE CLASS.

Largely Made Up from Those Who Are Strangers in New York.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., conducts a Bible class every Sunday at the Fifth Avenue Baptist church in New York city. He hopes to increase the membership to 1,000. For years it has ranged from 350 to 400, much of it comprised of young men who come out of town to seek their fortunes in the big city. While some remain in the city permanently, a Rockefeller, Jr. large portion, either through disappointment or calls elsewhere, soon leave, and thus the class is the loser. There are young men in the class from almost every State in the Union; some have come to study medicine and law, others to work. One of them, a young man from Nevada, who is studying engineering at Columbia university, says that the welcome given him, a total stranger, when he entered the class one Sunday morning soon after his arrival in the city, cured him of his home sickness and gave him courage to remain and finish his three years of study.

ORIGIN OF POSTAGE STAMP.

Barmaid's Plot Made Its Nest Plainly to be Seen.

Chicago postal officials have officially announced that the origin of the postage stamp had been definitely discovered after much investigation and turning of the leaves of ancient official folios.

The story of the origin of the modern postage stamp is the tale of a little deception practiced by a serving woman in a little inn in a remote English country many years ago.

Rowland Hill, then postmaster general of his majesty King George IV., was doing the Hiram Al Baschid act one night at the little inn, which, in the typical manner of English inns, had its al fresco by a pretty barmaid.

The postman, entering, announced a letter from Australia for the wench, and said the charge upon it amounted to a shilling. The barmaid took it in her hands, and eyed both sides of the paper, which had come half around the world, most wistfully. Then, wip-

ing her eyes, she returned it to the postman with a sigh, saying that she was too poor to pay the charge.

Rowland Hill pitied her distress and himself advanced the shilling. The girl had said: "It is from my poor brother in Australia, whom I haven't seen for years."

When he told her she was free to open the letter, she manifested some reluctance, and no delight. Her embarrassed manner aroused the suspicions of Mr. Hill.

Before leaving the inn next morning he questioned the barmaid at length and finally drew from her the confidence that she didn't need to open the letter, since there was only the envelope, upon which in faint characters were notations that told all her brother had to say. Before the latter left England, the girl said, she and he had devised a system to correspond without expense. They agreed that when either received a letter, he or she was to handle it fondly, while protesting inability to pay the charge, and after reading the secret notations to return the letter to the postman.

Rowland Hill went back to London and devised the scheme to compel the payment of the postage before sending the letter in the mail. Thus from a poor girl's cheating the government of England out of a shilling was born the modern postage stamp.

WHEN POWER OF LEARNING DECREASES.

By Prof. Charles S. Minot.

Old age is due to changes in the cells in which the nerve fibres originate. As soon as a child is born the mental faculties become suddenly unimpaired and grasping. It grasps the fundamental notions of life, notions of realization of its existence, the sense of touch, feeling, hearing, seeing, etc., and notions of its relationship to human beings. After the first year the power of learning begins to decrease and continues to decrease until the age of thirty is reached, and then it falls off entirely.

This is the case of the average human being. Of course, as Dr. Osler says, there are exceptions. That is to say, there are cases of men who have not lost the power of learning even in old age. Yet there are very few cases where one does not literally have to hammer new ideas into a man's head after he has reached the age of thirty.

Rockefeller, who spends some time after his class in talking socially with the members. To a stranger all this is a revelation in a city where he at first sees so little sociability about him.

Mr. Rockefeller receives many requests for assistance and is perfectly aware that there are those who join the class merely for what they can get out of it, but his reading of human nature is such that he can easily pick the sincere from the insincere, and those who come for merely selfish purposes seldom achieve their ends. Mr. Rockefeller assists a great many who he thinks need it, and this he does quietly and sincerely.

Mr. Rockefeller was early in his youth taught the value of money. He has known what it is to work with his hands. As a boy he never had a large allowance of pocket money. The first money he ever earned was a few cents from his father for putting up fence posts around the park in Cleveland which Mr. Rockefeller owns. This money he put in the bank. He was not content to let the money lie idle. Even as a child the accumulating instinct was strong in him. He was anxious to have his father invest the money he had from time to time deposited, and the spirit pleased the old gentleman. The money was invested and the amount the young man ultimately received from it was \$10,000.

It was St. Patrick's day, and every man in Casey's place wore a bit of shamrock in his buttonhole.

All the talk was of the old country, its marvelous beauty, its marvelous happenings, and Casey said to the Texan:

"The sun setting fire to tall cliffs—you wouldn't believe that, I suppose?"

"Assuredly not," returned the Texan. "Neither in Ireland, nor elsewhere."

"By those words," said Casey, smelling his shamrock tenderly, "you prove your ignorance of Ireland, sir, and show you have never been to Ballybunon."

"The tall cliffs of Ballybunon wade knee-deep in the rough Atlantic. They are the bulwarks of Erin's west coast, and since the world's beginning the wild Atlantic surge, breaking against them, have eaten them out in caves and hollows."

"These cliffs of Ballybunon contain in their depths masses of iron pyrites and alum. Now and then the salt sea water eats into these masses and oxidation at once takes place and flames burst forth and the rocks crack and melt in the great heat."

"Once the cliffs of Ballybunon burnt for weeks. Like a volcano, they sent up yellow flame and black, foul-smelling, bitter smoke, and the Irish came from hundreds of miles to see that wonderful sight."

"Only in Ireland, only in Ballybunon, sir," said Casey, fingering his shamrock, "may you see cliffs set afire by the salt sea they stand knee-deep in."

Confirmation.
Blotbs—Poor old Bjonas! The doctor says he won't live six months.

Blotbs—I've been telling him that for the last two years.—Philadelphia Record.

Confirmation.
Blotbs—Poor old Bjonas! The doctor says he won't live six months.

Blotbs—I've been telling him that for the last two years.—Philadelphia Record.